Liturgy of the Absurd

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Abstract (Prepared by Google AI)

This work is a phenomenological document of major depressive stasis, presented as a prose-poem to illustrate the "Living Death" associated with chronic depression. It explores the personification of the illness as an intimate, authoritative "friend" whose whispers possess a performative, sovereign power to "un-create" the self. By articulating the "Biology of the Void," this liturgy serves as a clinical and philosophical witness to the "brute force" required to maintain agency in a state of absolute anhedonia.

The Liturgy

When I had hair and it was not grey! I could pull an all-nighter and work on through the day. A midday nap now taken, here I lie, Thinking to myself how, I'm waiting to die. Ah depression, my old friend. You have come to visit me again. What shall we do now, in this cold Autumn wind? Nothing, nothing, nothing, depression whispers in reply. Here, it is, then, I shall lie. Dead, dead, dead, and waiting to die.